The Confessions of Augustus Sol Invictus

MMXXV

THE CONFESSIONS

Being the Testament
of
AUGUSTUS SOL INVICTUS
Concerning His Conversion to the Catholic Faith

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"I have come to set the world on fire,
and I wish it were already burning!
- *Luke 12:49*

In the Name of the Father,
And of the Son,
And of the Holy Ghost,
Amen.

I begin by stating that Jesus Christ is King, and not I. Christ is the Ruler, and not I.

Christ is the Monarch, the Eternal Sun, the Son of the Father, and not I.

Next I say that I do not want to write this book, however long or short it may turn out to be. But last night I was in the Adoration Chapel, and I asked of the Lord what I am to do this year. I have asked repeatedly that He accept my service, my talents, my skills – and yes, my intellect, my brilliance, my charisma, my larger-than-life personality. Last night I asked this again, and I further noted: I recognize that I am fundamentally evil; and if it be that You will not grant me the grace to be good, or to rid me of this evil, then at least, Lord, use the evil in me for a greater good. The answer was clear & resounding: Write *The Confessions*.

I am reminded of two biblical stories, one from the Old Testament, one from the New.

In the first story, a General was afflicted with leprosy and went to the Prophet to be healed. The Prophet told the General to bathe in the Jordan River seven times. Of course the General was insulted by so stupid a suggestion, and he turned to leave. But his servant reasoned with him: You would conquer cities, you would cross deserts, you would do any great thing to cure yourself: just do this small, insignificant thing, and have faith. He did so and was healed.

In the second story, Zacharias was told by an Angel that his son's name would be John, but he did not believe. The Angel struck Zacharias dumb. Nine months later, when someone asked the child's name, Zacharias took up a tablet and wrote, "John is his name" – and his tongue was loosed again.

My entire life, I could not stop writing. At the time I was jailed in December 2019, I had written more books and poems and essays than I could count. And yet, since my return to the Catholic Church, I have not been able to write a single thing. Maybe writing this will end the curse. But that does not mean that I want to write it.

For as I argued with the Lord in Adoration last night: Who would want to read a book on Catholicism by an infamous Pagan? And after betraying everything I have ever written before, why would anyone believe a word of this? Moreover, I do not miss the hazards of being a public figure, and I do not miss being called a grifter by malicious fools.

The latter problem is solved easily enough: I will publish this for free and donate any and all conceivable proceeds that will ever arise from this book directly to the Catholic Church. All the rest, I leave in God's hands, and I hope, Dear Reader, that you find herein whatever God wanted you to find.

Augustus Sol Invictus
Monday 02 January 2023
Winter Park, Florida

PART ONE

WITHIN A FOREST DARK

I

To the Catholics, the 31st of July is the Feast Day of St. Ignatius of Loyola. But to my ancestors, it was Lughnasadh, the holy day of the god of light and of war. On that day in 1983 Anno Domini, I was born in darkness.

My mother was raised a Jehovah's Witness, her own mother a convert to that sect from the Satanic religion of Freemasonry. My father was himself a Freemason of the Scottish Rite. He trained me in law and politics as far back as I can remember. But I was raised entirely without religion until the age of twelve, when I attended a Christian summer camp and was baptized in Lake Aurora. When my parents subsequently took it upon themselves to take me to a Baptist church, my little brother's Sunday school teacher told my parents that I was possessed.

At the time, and from my perspective, this was manifestly insane. I was a good kid, with straight A's, who had never been in trouble for anything other than fighting with my brother or refusing to eat all of my dinner. In retrospect, no one has ever been more right about me.

My parents' reaction to this diagnosis by the Sunday school teacher was to bring down the witches' hammer, which backfired tremendously. The attempts to suffocate every instinct of curiosity, to prohibit industrial & metal music and books on psychology and religion, only caused me to seek the extreme of everything the Christians hated. And of course forcing me to attend Protestant services, where gift shops sold CDs and girls wore miniskirts to what was essentially a pop concert with a charismatic preacher in between sets, created in me a true hatred of Christianity.

There were many things I did not know about my childhood, or about my parents, or about my life, things that I did not discover until adulthood, some of which I did not discover until well after my conversion to Catholicism. For instance, my father told me all my life that I was raised in

Baptist and "non-denominational" churches as a sort of compromise between his Catholic faith and my mother's upbringing as a Jehovah's Witness. As it turned out, my father was not baptized in the Catholic Church until I was thirty-five years old. Charitably, the decision to raise me and my little brother in Protestant churches was a desperate attempt by my parents to raise us better than they had been raised; though this ultimately came to tragic consequence for all of us.

Another of the essential things discovered in adulthood was revealed to me at nineteen years of age by a Santera, what is essentially a priestess in the pseudo-religion of Santeria. I was browsing through a botanica in Kissimmee when the Santera saw me and insisted that I sit for a reading, in which she would consult the spirits to divine my future. She blew cigar smoke into glasses of water to call upon these ghosts. What appeared was not what she was expecting. This spirit was a monstrous black demon, who informed the poor woman that he had followed me my whole life, as a curse had been laid upon me at birth by a woman with the initials "C.M." – and it had to do with my father.

The insanity that followed this encounter is both extensive and unbelievable. Suffice it to say that it involves a High Priest of Santeria, rituals in that pseudo-religion, Ouija boards and a haunted house, and an attack on my eldest child by that same demon. The important part is this: I went to my father and told him what the Santera had said – and what an amazing answer followed. He said that he had been in a relationship with a stripper before I was born, and her initials were, in fact, C.M.; that this stripper was furious when he cut things off with her because she was pregnant with his son; that this stripper had a friend who was a practitioner of black magick; and that this was the origin of the curse.

I had been plagued by night terrors as a baby and by nightmares and sightings of ghosts as a child. Though I lost

the sight, I never lost the clairsentience or the nightmares, and I found the answer to these hauntings in occult ritual. This was how I sought to gain power over what terrorized me. By the time of this mess with Santeria, I had been an occultist for six years. I had, however, been on my own to that point. At nineteen, I joined the Ordo Templi Orientis.

II

Many have asked how I became an occultist. It was at the bookstore that I came across Colin Wilson's book *The Occult: A History*; which was, to me, the most fascinating thing I had ever seen or read in my thirteen years of life. Tales of shamans singing to dolphins, theories of untapped human potential and the future of evolution, and lore of spells & witchcraft, absolutely mesmerized me.

In this book was an entire chapter devoted to The Great Beast, Aleister Crowley, the Prophet of Thelema and the English occultist after whom I came to pattern my life. It pains me now to write of him, not for shame in having followed him, but as a son would feel despair for having betrayed his father. Many former occultists (or cult members) are angry, furious, venomous toward those they followed, feeling themselves betrayed by false prophets whom they believe lied and manipulated them. Even current occultists, even Thelemites, never miss an opportunity to vent their hatred of Crowley for his racism, his sexism, his megalomania, his darkness, his viciousness, and so on *ad infinitum*.

I feel none of this. Crowley was a great man, by worldly standards. He was a genuine genius by anyone's rubric, and it is clear as day to me that the people who attack him the most vociferously are the most mediocre: they are worms that would criticize a hawk. Their offense is not at his vices, but at his superiority.

Moreover, I am always struck by the total abdication of any moral responsibility in former occultists (or cultists) who blame the head of their organization or religion for everything the "victim" ever did, as though the "victim" had no mind of his own and was the total puppet of an omnipotent, superhuman entity. Neither does it seem ever to occur to these hapless victims that the master whom they

served was himself the slave of higher, incomprehensible, and truly superhuman powers.

It is my belief that Crowley was, like me, a true believer. It would be unjust and a total denial of reality to pretend that I was a mindless automaton under the spell of Aleister Crowley. But more important than this, it would also be a total denial of reality to act as though I were a mindless automaton under the spell of the demons I served. For at a certain point, I became a master in my own right, and Crowley was no longer the one guiding me. But here we are putting the cart before the horse.

Though I first encountered Crowley when I was thirteen years old, it was not until the age of nineteen that I was able to join the Ordo Templi Orientis. For six years I was a student of the occult, with no guides and no peers, only an unquenchable fascination with Magick. I grew up in Conway, a neighborhood of Orlando, and a mere five miles from my house was Avalon, a witchcraft bookstore that has survived to this day. It was to Avalon I rode my bike to purchase Crowley's *Magick in Theory & Practice*, and it was there I purchased other books, herbs, and ritual accoutrements over the next quarter century.

In brief, Crowley's two main organizations were the Ordo Templi Orientis and the Ordo A:.A:. The former was a fraternal organization like the Freemasons, with group rituals; the latter was for solitary practice and advancement in the Magickal Arts, such that, theoretically, the practitioner would know only his Instructor and the student he brought into the Order. I became a member of both Orders, the OTO at 19 and the A:.A:. at 21.

These Orders are structured by Degrees, meaning that the practitioner advances through a series of Initiations, as in Freemasonry. For instance, in the Degrees of both the OTO and the Freemasons, the Candidate is blindfolded, his hands bound, and he is led blind into the ceremonial chamber. He takes Oaths, under pain of death, and is then

allowed to see the light, at which point the blindfold is removed. The Initiate (no longer a Candidate) is then instructed in some allegedly esoteric knowledge and given passwords and signs to indicate that he is a member of that Degree. This same sort of formula applies to rituals outside of the physical realm, but that is perhaps a discussion for another time.

Suffice it to say that I was a Perfect Initiate (Fourth Degree) in the Ordo Templi Orientis, and that I claimed the ultimate Degree in the Ordo A:.A:., the Grade of Ipsissimus. The former is documented by the OTO itself; the latter was contested by the vast majority of Thelemites who believed me to be a madman. But again, there came a point in which I stopped caring what any of them had to say, as I saw clearly that their hatred for me was the same as for Crowley: they denied my Grade not because they had the remotest idea of what they spoke, but because they hated that a man would claim it at all. Not that any of this nonsense matters now; the best we can hope is that God will have mercy on us all for the evil in which we were engaged.

There were many factors that led to my expulsion from the OTO and the subsequent media fiasco when I campaigned for the United States Senate. But all of that was a decade and more later. At the beginning and in between and underlying of all this – my study of the occult, my involvement with the Santeros, my joining the OTO and A:.A:. – was the event that gave me my name and defined my life.

III

In 2004, three successive hurricanes devastated Orlando. During the last of these hurricanes, I was with the woman who had been with me during the incident with the Santera, the woman who would become my first wife. We were at a friend's house during the storm when she entered into a trance and began staring into the unknown. She began to prophesy, saying that the Saint had arrived and the Beast would come. She prophesied that the Church would fall, but that Christianity would continue on. She dreamt that night of a rider on a horse, come to judge the world. This phenomenon of trancelike states, prophetic statements, and dreams of the Apocalypse lasted for about two weeks, at the end of which time I was given my name. I was twenty-one years old.

From that point forward I was not Austin Mitchell Gillespie, the boy born on 31 July 1983 in Kettering, Ohio to a law student and his wife. I was Sol incarnate, and that boy's life had ended, a human sacrifice to the sun god. Almost twenty years later, it is still very clear that my life was divided into two parts: before being given my name, and after it. There is no question to my mind that it was real, just as there is no question to my mind that the supernatural is real, that Magick is real, that all of the things I mention in this writing really happened. The only question is the actual identity of these entities.

For instance, there is a strain of Christian thought that does not deny the existence of the old gods, but rather declares them demons. It may be easy to disbelieve in anything at all now, in the age of computers and virtual reality and the constant humming of machinery and electronics distracting us from the real world. But in earlier days, it would be very difficult for someone to deny the presence of supernatural entities in, say, a sacred forest, or in the desert, when the Pagan and Christian worlds were at

war. So when a saint cuts down a tree sacred to Thor, he is not necessarily denying the existence of Thor: he is denying his divinity. Thor, to the saint, is certainly real – but he is demonic.

For a second instance, in the discipline of Enochian Magick,[1] we are told that the spirits with whom we are communicating are Angels. This is, after all, what the spirits themselves declared to John Dee and Edward Kelly. Having been immersed in Enochian Magick from February 2007 to December 2020, I did not much care what they called themselves; all I cared was that they were real, and that the Magick was powerful. In retrospect, they are clearly not St. Michael and his legions; neither are they aliens or unknowable interdimensional beings, as more modern occultists have theorized. While Enochian Magick is clearly real, and while the entities contacted are clearly real, the identity of those entities and the ends of the Magick are absolutely not what they are purported to be.

And so, whether Sol was the intelligence of the "planet" Sol, as an occultist might be inclined to believe, or whether Sol was the bloodthirsty deity of the Aztecs that demanded human sacrifice, or whether Sol was simply a false name for some other demonic force, I do not know and can never hope to know. All I can tell you, Dear Reader, is that whatever killed that boy and possessed my life's blood was real. I am free of it now only after having suffered exorcism and severe purgation, and I am now doing all I can to undo the evil I have wrought.

As I said, I do not want to write this testament. Obviously I do not write this as a flattering depiction of myself. Neither, clearly, do I write this to try to cover up or

[1] A system of magick from Elizabethan England resurrected by a secret society in England called the Golden Dawn, of which both Aleister Crowley and W.B. Yeats were members. Enochian Magick became a part of the Thelemic religion; in my own occult career, it was the very center of the religion and the center of my life for many years.

whitewash the past. Certainly none of this helps me in my professional endeavors. All I can say is that the Lord demands that this testimony of my conversion be written, and that, for whatever reason, He wanted you to read it.

Just before writing this section, I opened at random to the story of the Christ's exorcism of Legion, in which he cast the demons into the herd of swine. The man who had been possessed and dwelled among the tombs was witnessed by the townsfolk sitting at the feet of the Christ, clothed and in his right mind. Amazingly, the townsfolk were not overcome with gratitude for curing the man, neither did they praise God for the miraculous exorcism, nor were they compassionate toward the man who had been cured. Rather, they were struck with terror, and they demanded that the Christ depart from their town immediately. The man wanted to leave with the Christ, but He told him no, and He commanded the man to return to his town and tell everyone what had happened.

IV

When the Apostles witnessed the miracles of the Christ, they were converted to the heart. When Saul was on his way to Damascus, he was thrown off his horse; his conversion was immediate. History abounds with myriad stories of such conversions, miraculous not only in their instantaneity but also in their profundity. They converted on the spot, and their lives, their personalities, their very souls, were changed forever.

I had no such luck. The story of my conversion begins in the year 2009, when I was 25 years of age. The fact that I am writing this – under protest – in the year 2023, while turning 40, should signal to the Reader just how slow & halting, how torturous & laborious my conversion has been. As you will see, I have done absolutely nothing to merit salvation, being the Prodigal Son who continually spits in the face of his Father, the traitorous son who had to wake up in a pig pen with his life destroyed and his children taken from him before he finally thought to return home. And even then, even then, Dear Reader, I had ulterior motives. But that was the year 2020.

In the year 2009, I was a law student in Chicago. I attended DePaul, a Catholic school, not because it was Catholic, not because it was the best school, and not because it gave me the best scholarship, but because it was the best school I could get into in downtown Chicago, my favorite city on earth. However, being an occultist, I was obsessed with recognizing patterns and divining the meaning behind every circumstance around me. And so I felt from the beginning that there was a reason I ended up in a Catholic school. To my credit, I suppose, I did keep my eyes open to see what that reason might be.

Though I was born in Ohio, I was raised in Florida. Orlando was, at that time, a different city, a different world. The multicult hell with rainbow flags outside of every

business and pride parades deliberately luring in children, with homeless people swarming every square foot of downtown and venturing into the neighborhoods, the police state with crime and degeneracy as its hallmark: this city did not exist. The "big city" in which I grew up was really a Southern town at that time, albeit one with a strong tourism industry. I did not realize this until the culture shock of moving to Chicago.

Of course there have always been homeless people in Orlando, but to say there was a homeless *problem* as there is now would be untrue. Moving to Chicago, I was confronted by what it meant to have a homeless problem: hyper-aggressive, mentally-ill, drug-addicted homeless persons harassing you for money every twenty feet of sidewalk, who would fly into a rage when you told them you did not have any cash – or worse, if you were a woman. As a 6'3 man of athletic build, I escaped the worst of it. But frequent reports of stabbings, robberies, and sexual harassment of persons who were not 6'3 males of athletic build by the criminal/homeless element in downtown Chicago were impossible not to notice.

All this to say, that in 2009 I finally understood the biblical story of the flood. As an enterprising teenager, reading the Bible on my own, I was horrified at stories of God scattering mankind at the tower of Babel, of God destroying cities by fire and the world by flood, of God sending countless souls to Hell for disbelieving in His Son, as though it were their fault that God was so bad at marketing. But living in Chicago, among wretched, wicked filth, I finally understood at least one of those horrifying stories. For if a Pagan deity were to flood Chicago and drown all these people, I would totally understand. In fact, I would welcome it.

Ironically, this terrible thought was the beginning of my long, tortuous conversion to the Catholic faith. I lost a lot of the hatred I had for Christianity – and for God – in

realizing that perhaps He had a reason for doing what He did. This was in the Spring of 2009. That summer, I moved to Old Town, an old German-Catholic neighborhood on the border of Lincoln Park. In Old Town is a beautiful Church that was built by the German-Catholic immigrants: St. Michael Cathedral. It was there I began the Rite of Christian Initiation for Adults, the program for conversion to Catholicism. It was there I began attending Mass. I started reading Catholic literature, listening to Catholic music, studying Catholic theology.

But let me quickly disabuse the Reader of any thought that I should be credited for turning over a new leaf. First of all, one of the greatest drives for joining the Catholic Church was my desire to enter into the heritage of Western Civilization. For as it is written: "Europe is the Faith, the Faith is Europe." Years later, campaigning for the U.S. Senate, I would employ the same logic of entering American "tradition" when I joined the Freemasons.

Second, I was still a practicing occultist throughout the RCIA program and during my first years as a convert, all the way up until I went fully apostate. I was a Second Degree member of the OTO and had taken the Oath of the Magus in the A:.A:. I was attending OTO meetings, both in Chicago and in Orlando, and I was still engaged in ritual practice. I saw no conflict between these things. Like Simon Magus, I went into the Catholic Church *as* an occultist, seeing the value of the rituals therein as the counterpart to what I had been doing all along as a Thelemite. It was a decade after my Confirmation that I finally understood how wrong I was about all of this.

Third, as a Thelemite, the notions of morality, of good & evil, absolutely did not register with me. At best, I interpreted these silly notions in the light of Nietzsche: the strong create these values, and the weak follow suit. *Ergo*, the commandments against idolatry, adultery, the Sabbath, *et cetera*, simply did not apply to me. I was above & beyond

the reach of these petty rules for sheep. And so, throughout the RCIA program, and all the way through to my total apostasy, I was having affairs with multiple women and otherwise doing whatever I pleased.

But, as an occultist, I was very adept at ritual, and I learned what I needed to learn in the RCIA program. The academic side was a breeze for me, and as a former Protestant and anti-Christian, I knew all the biblical stories and the fundamentals already. And so I was able to pull off the great crime of receiving the Sacraments of Communion and Confirmation at St. James Cathedral in Orlando on the Summer Solstice of 2010. On that same day, my marriage with my first wife was Convalidated, meaning it was recognized by the Catholic Church as a sacramental marriage.[2]

I graduated law school in 2011 and returned home to Orlando. I attended Mass with my wife and our four children. My wife was a Sunday school teacher, and the kids were all in Sunday school classes. I was a Knight of Columbus, having received the Third Degree before leaving Chicago, so I attended all the meetings and Initiations. This picture-perfect life did not last long, however. By the Fall of 2012, I was apostate, divorced, and full speed on the path to damnation.

[2] This was annulled years later for perhaps obvious reasons. I am now disallowed from marriage without the direct, personal approval of the local Bishop.

V

I left my wife for a young poet with whom I was madly in love. I had engaged in numerous affairs during my marriage, but this was different. I threw away my entire life, thinking that my happiness with this girl was the key to my happiness and my future.

It would be almost a decade before I would come to realize that adultery is not simply a betrayal of one's spouse, but is a betrayal of one's children and of everyone in the offender's life. I did not throw away my own life alone: I threw away the lives of my wife and my children, as well. This monumental crime against my own family cried out to Heaven, and I was cast into utter darkness.

I cannot overemphasize or exaggerate the gravity of this atrocity, or the severity of its consequences for my wife, my children, or myself, or my future children, or all the lives I have touched ever since. Over a decade later, we are still dealing with the fallout, and we will until death. Just as Adam's sin plunged all of humanity into bondage and strife, so did I doom my own descendants.

When Pagan friends of mine talk to me of their adulterous affairs, I try to avoid Bible-thumping at them and instead relay to them the Natural Law. I caution them with tales from our Pagan ancestors: Agamemnon returned home from the Trojan War a hero, only to be slaughtered by his wife and her lover. Odysseus spent ten years trying to get home; yes, because he offended Poseidon, but also because he kept sleeping with strange women. Meanwhile, his wife Penelope was ultimately rewarded for her chastity. And let us not forget that the entire war was caused by the adultery of Paris and Helen.

The prohibition of adultery is not an invention of Catholicism. It is a Natural Law of the world, a moral and legislative expression of the true, divine, Eternal Order. The ancients knew this. As Pagan as I thought I was, I was so

blinded by my own prejudices and desires that I never saw this thread running through all the literature, mythos, and culture of our ancestors.

The poet ended up fornicating with another man within a month after I left my wife and children to be with her. Almost immediately upon terminating our doomed relationship, I began down the path of true apostasy that led me to infamy.

A woman in the OTO read my Tarot cards one night. She said that a woman would soon enter my life, and we had work to do together. This other woman did indeed arrive at my front door, wearing a leather jacket and looking for occult answers. We engaged in a series of hypnosis sessions and rituals that culminated in what was called the Thirty Hard Days: thirty consecutive days of Enochian Magick, opening each of the Thirty Aethyrs in a colossal vision quest that ended up becoming *Aeon: Cantos of Wonder & Terror*. It was in these visions that I was commanded by the spirits to undertake a pilgrimage to the Mojave Desert.

Enochian Magick was the product of John Dee, a counselor to Queen Elizabeth. Dee was a former Catholic priest and a practitioner of hermetic magick. He sought to contact the angels through Renaissance magick and ultimately succeeded in contacting *something*. What these entities actually are has been a subject of debate for centuries, but there can be no doubt that they are real. Dee genuinely believed them to be the very angels of God, as they purported themselves to be. Others have thought them to be mere disincarnate spirits, others demons. More recently, some have theorized that they are extraterrestrial aliens.

I am of the camp that believes that the entities are demons. As a practitioner, I simply called them "entities," neither knowing nor caring who they were or what their agenda was. All that mattered to me was that they were real, and they were powerful; the Magick was real, and it was

powerful; and my performance of the rituals made me powerful. Many practitioners of the occult are seeking after knowledge, a seemingly noble pursuit on the surface, but one beset by totally disorganized passions.

Personally, I had little to no interest in the knowledge aspect of occultism. In a ritual vision in February 2006, I was given a choice by the spirit[3]: seek knowledge, or seek power. I chose the latter. My entire occult career from that moment on was a mad quest for pure, raw, cosmic power. Though I came to be known as a political leader, this was always ever an expression of my mission as a Thelemite: to conquer the world and establish the kingdom of the sun god.

[3] These spirits have names; I will not write them here.

VI

Had I been raised in the Catholic Church, I would have known that this was a Satanic perversion of the ends thereof. As fate would have it, I would not understand the true nature of Thelema until my late thirties. The mission to restore the Old Ways and to establish the reign of the sun god was a direct plagiarism and inversion of the mission of the Catholic Church to establish the reign of Christ the King. The Gnostic Mass, the central ritual of the OTO, is an embarrassing plagiarism of the actual Mass; which Crowley freely admitted, but which I was too ignorant to see.

To my everlasting shame, I fervently worshipped the demon-goddess of sex and war, who had fraudulently and egregiously appropriated the titles of the Virgin Mary. I still bear her tattoo on my arm, a brand of slavery that I willingly accepted. Again, I should have read the ancient wisdom. For when the demon-goddess attempts to seduce Gilgamesh, he says in reply:

> If I take you in marriage, what gifts can I give in return? What ointments and clothing for your body? I would gladly give you bread and all sorts of food fit for a god. I would give you wine to drink fit for a queen. I would pour out barley to stuff your granary; but as for making you my wife – that I will not.
>
> How would it go with me? Your lovers have found you like a brazier which smoulders in the cold, a backdoor which keeps out neither squall of wind nor storm, a castle which crushes the garrison, pitch that blackens the bearer, a water-skin that chafes the carrier, a stone which falls from the parapet, a battering-ram turned back from the enemy, a sandal that trips the wearer. Which

of your lovers did you ever love forever? What shepherd of yours has pleased you for all time? Listen to me while I tell the tale of your lovers.

There was Tammuz, the lover of your youth, for him you decreed wailing, year after year. You loved the many-coloured roller, but still you struck and broke his wing; now in the grove he sits and cries, “kappi, kappi, my wing, my wing.”

You have loved the lion tremendous in strength: seven pits you dug for him, and seven.

You have loved the stallion magnificent in battle, and for him you decreed whip and spur and a thong, to gallop seven leagues by force and to muddy the water before he drinks; and for his mother Silili lamentations.

You have loved the shepherd of the flock; he made meal-cake for you day after day, he killed kids for your sake. You struck and turned him into a wolf, now his own herd-boys chase him away, his own hounds worry his flanks.

And did you not love Ishullanu, the gardener of your father’s palm grove? He brought you baskets filled with dates without end; every day he loaded your table. Then you turned your eyes on him and said, “Dearest Ishullanu, come here to me, let us enjoy your manhood, come forward and take me, I am yours.” Ishullanu answered, “What are you asking from me? My mother has baked and I have eaten; why should I come to such as you for food that is tainted and rotten?

> For when was a screen of rushes sufficient protection from frosts?" But when you had heard his answer you struck him. He was changed to a blind mole deep in the earth, one whose desire is always beyond his reach. And if you and I should be lovers, should not I be served in the same fashion as all these others whom you loved once?

Gilgamesh understood what I did not: consorting with the goddess of adultery is self-destruction. While I had been a Thelemite from the age of thirteen, my explicit and fervent worship of this demon began before my divorce in 2012 and lasted until my incarceration in 2019. The devastation of countless lives and entire families in that seven-year period should serve as a warning to all.

VII

In the summer of 2014, my assistant told me that she was returning to college. I told her that she had to help me find her replacement before she left. To this end, we interviewed several candidates. The very first was a woman with short, reddish-brown hair, wearing a blue pencil skirt and a white blouse, with glasses on her adorably freckled face. With a slight lisp, she spoke in a soft voice about her time painting ballet sets and of running a restaurant while living with her husband in Colombia. When she left the room, my assistant said, "That's the kind of woman you need to marry, Augustus." But of course she was already married.

Enter Anna. Though she was clearly the most qualified for the job, I was reticent to hire her. I could see the course of everything unfolding: She would come to work, I would fall in love with her, and we would have a disastrous, tumultuous relationship on account of her being married. This could result only in my own heartbreak.

Of course I hired her. And we were like two chemicals in a compound explosion, destroying ourselves and the lives of everyone around us. She did not tell me this until some time later, but on her way to the interview, a building exploded into flames. Not that such a clear omen would have stopped me.

If leaving my wife and children for a poet was a grave crime, taking Anna from her husband was an atrocity of biblical proportions. At that time in my life, fresh off the pilgrimage to the Mojave and fueled by Enochian Magick, I took the Genghis Khan approach to life: I will destroy, subjugate, or impregnate everything and everyone in my path. Anna was *my* wife, not this other man's, and I would have her by right of conquest. Not content with this, I compounded my crimes by raising his daughters as my own. After all, it was prophesied in the Enochian visions that I would be given two children, and that their names would be

Sol and Luna. That Anna's daughters were named Sol and Luna was an otherworldly sign, the chances against which were astronomical.

It has not escaped me that the husband's name was David, or that the punishment I suffered for this crime was the same suffered by King David when he took Bathsheba from Uriah the Hittite:

> Now, therefore, the sword shall never depart from your house, because you have despised me and have taken [his wife] to be your wife. Thus says the Lord: I will bring evil upon you out of your own house. I will take your wives before your very eyes, and will give them to your neighbor: he shall lie with your wives in broad daylight. You have acted in secret, but I will do this in the presence of all Israel, in the presence of the sun itself.

The degeneracy in which we engaged cannot be recounted. Her crimes against me and our children are unspeakable, if only because our children may one day read this testament. Suffice it to say that everything I have suffered in the past decade was born of three acts of adultery: leaving my first wife for the poet; taking Anna from her husband; and siring a child out of wedlock while married to Anna. These three acts destroyed not only the lives of both of my wives and an innocent man, but the lives of all nine of my children.

VIII

Aside from the just punishment of God, much of the torment of mine and Anna's relationship was due to our constant affairs with other women.[4] This, in conjunction with numerous other things, especially Magick, resulted in Anna's complete mental breakdown on all-too-frequent occasions. She would run away, and I would run after her and bring her home. But when she finally ran away from home when pregnant with my son, I refused to engage. This is how she came to live in South Carolina.

Six months later, I moved to South Carolina, as well. With the birth of our son impending, we hastily entered into a civil marriage for his sake, so that he would be born in wedlock. Even despite our innumerable crimes, God in His grace here began to sow the seeds that would lead ultimately to the salvation of us all.

Cesare Borgia was the son of Rodrigo Borgia, who would ultimately become Pope Alexander, the sixth of that name. Note well that Aleister Crowley believed himself to have been Pope Alexander VI in a past incarnation. It was the career of Cesare upon which Machiavelli modeled *The Prince*. A young, glorious, ferocious man, whose motto was CAESAR AVT NIHIL,[5] I saw, of course, everything I wanted to be. Naturally, I wanted to name my son after him, and so we named our son Cesare.

Anna became fixated on the notion that our son, because of his namesake, was destined to become Catholic. Ignoring the fact that his middle and last names were incontrovertibly Pagan, she was absolutely convinced of this idea, which came seemingly out of nowhere. She happened

[4] I would not discover for years – until long after this section was written – that it was also due to her constant affairs with countless other men.
[5] CAESAR OR NOTHING

to meet with a priest in town named Father John,[6] and told him all about her Catholic baby who was soon to be born. Father John told her of the Rite of Christian Initiation for Adults.

Having been initiated into the Catholic Church, and having never been excommunicated, I offered to be Anna's sponsor for the RCIA. And so she began the program at St. Philip Neri Catholic Church in Fort Mill, South Carolina. We attended Mass with Cesare and the girls, and for a brief moment in time, our lives were on the right path.

But there came a point at which I could no longer tolerate my own hypocrisy. I was a full-fledged Pagan, and Christianity was the enemy. I did not want my son to be raised as a Christian with his Christian mother who would ultimately use the Catholic Church to take my son from me. Anna had already run away with my son once. She had already done all she could to turn my family and friends against me, had already made false allegations against me and sought to use the police to attack me when she wanted to win an argument. I could not allow her to cloak herself in Catholicism and pretend to righteousness in a bid to use the Church to take my son. I effectively pulled her from the RCIA program, thus aborting our family's foray into the Catholic Church.

A year later, Odysseus was born, and for a brief moment in time, we had a genuinely happy family. A mere four months later, I committed the most senseless and most abominable crime of my life, the thought of which causes in me a physical sensation of disgust to this day.

[6] Amazingly, I attended Mass yesterday morning (23 June 2023) at a random Church in rural South Carolina on my way home to Florida – and Father John was the pastor presiding over the Mass.

PART TWO

FLAMES FALL UNBROKEN

IX

In December 2018, I traveled to Florida alone. While I was there, I had relations with a woman I had been with a year and a half earlier in New York City. Knowing I had been married the entire time, she traveled to Florida with the specific intention of committing an act of adultery; it did not occur to me that she had traveled all that way to have me impregnate her.

She had convinced me to see her by telling me that she had turned over a new leaf: she was a drug-addled prostitute when I met her but was now a traditionalist and totally drug-free. It was immediately apparent upon seeing her again that she was not off drugs at all. I should never have been there to begin with, but seeing that she was still the same person, I should have walked away then and there. I did not. Instead, I took her to the hotel. I had sex with her once, returned home, and determined never to see her again.

Two weeks later, she told me she was pregnant. Looking back on the past six years is like watching the unstoppable unfolding of a nightmare. One can only imagine how Adam and Eve recollected in horror the expulsion from the Garden. Judas, upon realizing the evil he had wrought, hanged himself. I now see the inescapability of God's Justice, and I pale at the sight of His avenging angels; but when they came, it was too late – for all of us.

Anna and I lived an idyllic, beautiful life in a bright, cottage home with our teenage girls and our baby boys. I was horrified at the prospect of losing my family. I responded to the news of the pregnancy by offering to care for the child and the mother, all on the condition that my wife could never know. This agreement lasted for a matter of weeks before the woman turned viciously against me, demanding money, and ultimately blackmailing me with the threat of contacting my wife and telling her of the pregnancy if I did not pay.

I filed a police report demanding to press charges of blackmail, but the police wanted nothing to do with it. Eventually, she worked with my political enemies to find my wife and execute her threat of blackmail.

I was in California when it happened. Anna called me to tell me that this woman had told her she was pregnant with my child. The woman feigned concern for Anna and asked for her help, specifically asking whether she could move in with us and raise all the children together. To her credit, Anna maintained her composure throughout this insanity, dealt with the situation, and told the woman she was *persona non grata*.

The price Anna demanded for saving our marriage and our family was to abandon the child, never to see her for the rest of my life. I had made a pact with Odin just nine months before, stating that if he were to restore my professional and material position, I would make a blood sacrifice in return. This is, in fact, why I had traveled to California. But what had originally been planned as a blood sacrifice ultimately turned to a bloodless sacrifice of mead atop Mount Saint Helena with a group of Pagans from across the United States. I realized that this was the sacrifice Odin asked of me: a human sacrifice of my own daughter. This was how I would keep my family, restore my position, and ultimately gain power. And so I acquiesced to Anna's demand.

I wrote a cease-and-desist letter to the woman, terminating our relationship and abandoning the child to her fate. I did not speak to the woman again until after Anna defected to my enemies, had me jailed, took my children from me, and launched a scorched earth campaign of vengeance.

X

It was the Fifth of May that I sealed the pact with Odin, which entity was clearly Satan disguised as the god of our ancestors. This Faustian bargain, like all deals with the Devil, bore immediately the fruit of pure bliss. Anna and I were never closer. Our home was never brighter. My children were never more loving. Our family was never happier. But at the core of it all was the inevitable consequence of all sin: Hell.

It took years to begin this testament (and another two years to write it) because I have had writer's block since my first incarceration. It is in coming to this part of the story that the pain overwhelms me. It is this part of the story that has caused my silence for so long. I only pray that in writing of it, the Lord may finally free me.

Lord, if ever I may be restored, let it be so. But more important than this, do not let my children ever walk this path of death. And if this recounting may warn others away from this road, so much the better.

For the Summer, all of our children were under one roof for the first time since the birth of the boys. Each of the teenagers had chosen a subject to study for the summer. I put the twins through SEAL training.[1] They were at the gym with me seven days a week. The girls all had fun together. Our house was the center of the neighborhood. I was doing the work I wanted to do. From the time of the blackmail incident, I was entirely monogamous. Our entire family had begun a new chapter.

Then came the Fall. As I said, Anna's crimes against me and all the children are unspeakable. And yet, they must in part be spoken.

Anna and I celebrated our anniversary on September the First. Five years earlier, a mere two weeks after meeting,

[1] *I.e.*, BUD/S Warning Order

we engaged in a sex magick ritual that we considered to be our marriage date from that point forward. Two weeks thereafter, she had left her husband and was living with me. This fifth anniversary was an all-out bacchanal to celebrate this crime. We rented a massive house in Charlotte, performed an Enochian Magick ritual, and essentially reaffirmed our marriage. I came to refer to this anniversary celebration as the Wedding Day, the significance of which cannot be overstated.

Though I had not spoken with the other woman in any wise whatsoever, by simple math we knew that the child would be born in September. And when September came, Anna's mind and soul broke. After the Wedding Day, she entered into a downward spiral from which it would take her years to recover, if she can be said to have done so.

Anna became convinced that the god Mercury was giving her messages about other women I had been with, and she took it upon herself to hunt these women down. It may well be that some demon was in fact giving her messages, because I actually had been with a woman named Emily once, and Anna made it her mission in life to get closer to this woman than anyone in the world. Within a month, they were best friends. By November, Emily visited the house in South Carolina while I was on the road, and the two declared themselves to be sister wives. Then all Hell broke loose.

The pairing of these two was absolute madness, to put it mildly. Their union without any sort of counterbalancing force resulted in evil of biblical proportions. To begin with, Emily's boyfriend at the time was on federal house arrest, with an ankle monitor. Emily bragged to Anna that she could leave the house to have sex with other men whenever she wanted, and her boyfriend could not do anything about it, or he would go to prison. Emily allegedly pushed Anna to do the same to me. Anna then plotted to set me up on false charges in order to have me trapped at home with an ankle monitor. Ironically, she

did not understand that accusations of domestic violence mean the exact opposite: the accused is not allowed to return home or to have any contact with his family at all.

In any event, Anna did not wait until I returned home to execute this plan. Instead, she started having sex with other men while I was still on the road. It was Emily herself who came to tell me about all of this. It was Emily who told me that Anna was plotting to set me up on false charges upon my return, and it was Emily who sent me screenshots of Anna saying she was getting gangbanged at a Christmas party. At a certain point, it became clear that Emily's entire mission was to destroy our marriage and our family, for her own, inscrutable reasons. It was also she who convinced Anna that Emily could see me through a crystal ball visiting my illegitimate child in New Jersey while I was on the road. It was Emily who absolutely broke Anna's mind. By the time Emily's visit was over, Anna was consumed by witchcraft, seeing goblins in the house, terrifying my two-year-old son with shadows and talk of spirits, having sex with random men about town, and plotting to have me sent to prison.

At this point in the story, I knew nothing whatsoever of her infidelity. When I returned home to South Carolina, Emily was gone, and I had no idea the insanity that had transpired. Unlike Anna, I had not touched anyone else in the entire month and a half I had been on the road, so I was having sex with her multiple times per day, sex that resulted in bruises all over her body. There are two levels to this that horrify me, that cover me in filth, that will forever make me hate mortal sin until the day I die: The first is that I was making love to my wife, who had been having sex with multiple other men while I was gone, and I had no idea whatsoever. The second is that she would use the bruises from our sexual intercourse to falsely accuse me of beating her, to have me arrested and jailed, to kidnap my children, to drag me through the courts and the jails and the media as an abuser.

I do not write this to vindicate myself or to trash my ex-wife. My trials were my vindication. As for Anna, I genuinely believe that future generations will know her to be one of the most evil women in the annals of human history. She will be placed beside Potiphar's wife,[2] Queen Jezebel,[3] Delilah,[4] Medea,[5] and Josephine.[6] No, all that writing this can do for me is to humiliate me. I write this so that you will understand the horror of mortal sin – especially of adultery and bearing false witness – so that you will turn from it at all cost, so that you will embrace the Catholic Faith and abandon the moral relativism that plagues our age.

[2] Falsely accused Joseph of sexual assault to have him imprisoned
[3] Bore false witness to execute theft and murder
[4] Betrayed her lover to the authorities, to his death
[5] Murdered her own children to spite her husband
[6] Infamously, publicly unfaithful to her husband

XI

Upon my return home to South Carolina, we were essentially ready to move back to Florida. A family friend made me promise several times that I would not divorce Anna upon returning to Florida. For the life of me, I could not understand why – but this family friend knew at least part of Anna's infidelity. Both assumed that I would eventually find out, and when I did, I would divorce her and take the boys. Both were right to believe so, for had I known, that is exactly what I would have done. Instead, the family friend covered up Anna's infidelities, and Anna waited to rope two other people into her conspiracy before springing the trap she had been setting for over a month.

We stopped at my friends' house in North Florida. A married couple I had known for years, the wife worked for the Federal Bureau of Investigation. She had, in fact, been transferred to the Florida FBI after her husband was doxxed at a right-wing rally in New Orleans. I helped them pack the moving truck. As far as Anna was concerned, they were English teachers. As with Anna's union with Emily, Anna's meeting with this married couple was another perfect storm, but for very different reasons.

They could tell that Anna was off, which, admittedly, shows that their intuition was better than mine. The husband, my best friend (or so I thought), offered to let Anna and the boys stay at the house while I went ahead and secured a home and dropped off my step-daughter in Orlando. Unforgivably naïve, I followed his suggestion. Unbeknownst to me – until I read the police report in a South Carolina jail a month later – he had deliberately separated us so that he could question Anna. They interpreted her strange behavior as being abused. In their defense, how could it ever have occurred to them that the reason she was acting strange was that she was terrified that her husband would discover what she had done and divorce her and take the children?

How could they possibly have known that she had been plotting for a month to set me up on false charges?

When they told her that the wife worked for the FBI, it was a dream come true for Anna. So she told them a story of how she had been abused – not just recently, but for years. I did not understand the full extent of this outrageous narrative until a recording taken by the husband without Anna's knowledge was presented at my trial in South Carolina. She told them that I would beat her mercilessly, that she would wake up in the middle of the night being punched in the head with the baby beside her, that I would drag her across the house into the shower to beat her. This is when she showed them the bruises, saying that they were from being beaten.

Anna further spun the narrative by saying that I was gaslighting everyone: Anna had never been mentally ill, and I made the whole thing up so that no one would believe her when she told people she was being abused. The couple, who had known me for three and a half years at that point, bought the entire thing, hook, line, and sinker. It was not until two years later, when she finally turned on them as she turns on everyone, that they finally realized they had been conned. But by then all our lives had already been destroyed.

The day after I left, Anna was telling me she wanted a divorce, and she was going to keep the boys and move to her friend's house. This was like a thunderbolt out of the blue, and I refused to have any of it. I made an appointment for a house viewing about ten minutes from the married couple's home, and I made my way there on the 21st of December. When I arrived, Anna had disappeared with my sons. I had told my friend that this may happen, because Anna was clearly spiraling out of control, and when she does this, she runs away from home. It has happened countless times since she was fourteen years old. But what I could not predict at all was that my friend would not only fail to tell me about it, but that he would actually help her to do it.

Never in a million years would I have guessed that he would have been the one to initiate it.

The night before, Anna and the FBI agent had gone to the FBI and the Sheriff's Office to get someone to press charges against me. Failing in this, the FBI agent had a friend of hers in the Sheriff's Office send someone to her home so that they could do it there. I knew nothing of this until reading the police report in a South Carolina jail. All I knew was that my sons had disappeared, and I had no idea where they were. It was the Winter Solstice, the darkest day of the year.

XII

I have been ambushed by the police more times than I can count. I have had more guns drawn on me than most American soldiers – and in American streets, by Americans. I have been the object of political sabotage, I have been set up on false charges, I have been falsely accused of numerous crimes, to the point that it has become fruitless to list these myriad grievances. I note this particular series of events only because it ultimately caused my conversion to the Catholic faith.

Upon my arrest, having been ambushed by a fugitive task force in a parking lot, I was placed in a medical observation unit "for my own protection": lawyers are thought to be ripe targets for disgruntled inmates. Being severely claustrophobic, this was the worst of all possible worlds – or so I thought. For when I was extradited to South Carolina, I was placed in maximum security isolation, which was infinitely worse. By the time I was released into general population in South Carolina, I was cured of my claustrophobia but changed for life in a far more profound way.

While in isolation, I kept reaching back to the Wedding Day. I knew that this was the root of everything happening, but I could not understand it. What was it that happened that day? What was it that I was missing? Was there a lesson Odin wanted me to learn? I left offerings of food for Odin by the door of my jail cell at every meal. I was constantly reprimanded for it by the corrections officers, but I consistently retorted that it was a religious sacrifice.

It took some time before I realized a harrowing truth: none of the gods could contravene the decree of the Most High God. It may well be that Persephone, our family goddess, to whom we had our altar in the house, wanted to save me; but she could do nothing for me if it was against the Will of the Most High God. I offered sacrifices to Tyr, to

Gaia, to any god who would deliver me from that Hell, return my sons to me, and bring vengeance upon those who had done this to me. And yet no one answered. No one came to my rescue. No god could intervene in what was clearly the Judgment of the Most High.

I was scheduled for a bond hearing on Valentine's Day. The day before, I was served with paperwork filed by Anna for an injunction that would prohibit me from any contact with my children. This unfortunately common occurrence for men trapped in our corrupted system was a turning point for me, an event the importance of which cannot be overstated. The disappearance of my children, the betrayal by my wife and best friend, the ambush and humiliation and isolation and starvation: none of this got through to me. It was in the moment that I read Anna's petition to take my children from me that God finally broke through the otherwise impenetrable fortress of sin that had enslaved my mind:

THERE IS SUCH A THING AS EVIL IN THIS WORLD.

I was a Philosophy major in college. Nietzsche was my favorite writer from the time I was thirteen years old. I had been a Thelemite since the same age. Good and Evil were to me the quaint concepts of sheep who were scared of their own shadows and too weak to formulate their own judgments. Anyone speaking to me of Evil would be met with a bemused, condescending smirk, probably with a patronizing pat on the shoulder, as I tried to be tolerant of their superstitious stupidity. Good was what helped me and made me more powerful; Evil was what got in my way. Everything else was nonsense.

But in that moment, sitting on my bunk in the jail cell, staring at that paper in which my wife had lied to yet another court to have my sons taken from me, all of that sheltered, smug, academic nonsense was viscerally ripped

away, as the reality of God's Universe broke through my armor like a battering ram to the heart. ***There is such a thing as evil in this world.*** This commonplace sentiment was a revelation to me, and the sudden knowledge of evil as a reality was, in retrospect, what began the path of my true conversion.

The next day was the bond hearing. I wanted to go in with videos and text messages and witnesses and lay out the whole case to humiliate the prosecutor and my wife and everyone else on national television. But my lawyers had brought nothing. Instead, I watched in horror from the sidelines as Anna, with full theatrical flair, destroyed our entire family, empowered by the State, the FBI, the Antifa, the media, and Satan himself.

This was the demon-goddess' betrayal. Anna stated that my release would result not only in her own murder, but also in the assassination of judges and cops across the country by my brainwashed cult of disciples. In response, the judge declared me "an existential threat" and denied bond. If only I had paid heed to Gilgamesh.

It was at this point that I wrote the woman who had caused all of this. She had given birth to a baby girl and named her Astrid. I wrote her to apologize for abandoning the child and said that I wanted to raise my daughter. She agreed, and we entered into correspondence. This began yet another saga of purest Hell.

XIII

When I was released from maximum security, I was put in a cell with a man accused of domestic violence for telling his wife he was going to send her to meet her (deceased) ex-husband if she did not stop talking about him. He was granted bond for this fictional crime and then immediately violated the terms of his bond by returning to the marital home, at which point he was charged not with violation of an injunction but with burglarizing his own home, a legal impossibility. We had the same prosecutor, a woman with absolutely no moral compass who routinely abused the power of her position.

In any event, this man had a Bible. And one day I opened the Bible to a random page, to see whether there was any sort of message I might read. Interestingly, I opened to the page reading NEW TESTAMENT. My cellmate said that this was a sign that I should read the entire New Testament, and so I began.

Many of my previous prejudices against Christianity began to dissipate. For instance, when I walked away from the Church in 2012, it was because I could not stand the Jewishness of it. We literally had African priests come into St. James Cathedral to panhandle during the Mass. I had always known that the Second Vatican Council had brought in Protestants and Jews to change the Mass and everything about the Church, but it was not really brought home until I was experiencing these changes in the regular life of a Catholic husband and father. I was unaware that the Latin Mass still existed, or that there was a resistance to these senseless changes. At that time, all I could hear was the awful music and the panhandling and the praise of the Jews. I simply could not take it anymore.

Looking back now, I understand that it was not the Catholic Church that drove me away but rather the Novus Ordo. At the time I read the New Testament in jail, though,

I saw that I had been completely wrong about the Church – though now I know that it is the modern Church that is wrong about the Jews. For Jesus and the Apostles speak time and again of the Jews who are not Jews but the Synagogue of Satan. A clear and distinct demarcation is made repeatedly between the Jews and the Church, a demarcation that the Freemasons, Jews, and Protestants sought to erase in the Second Vatican Council.

I read the New Testament in its entirety. I had just read Gandhi's autobiography and had already vowed a period of celibacy, so finding St. Paul's urging to celibacy was a great coincidence. Three and a half years earlier, in September 2016, I undertook a seven-year project. Anna had just run away pregnant with Cesare, and the other two most important women in my life gave up on me within two weeks. I was full of reasons why they were all wrong and all bad people. But staring me in the face was the fact that the three most important women in my life had all walked away from me within weeks of each other. Clearly this was something to do with me, at the absolute least because I was the kind of person who attracted a bad sort of woman.

So I reasoned to myself that if I wanted to attract better people in my life, I had to become a better person myself. I further reasoned that every seven years our body's cells regenerate, and we literally become a different person. So if I radically changed myself over the next seven years, I would become a different person surrounded by better people. And so, that very day, I decided I would cut alcohol, drugs, bread, and sugar, basically everything that was not meat, vegetables, or protein supplements, for the next seven years.

The irony did not escape me that at the halfway point of this seven-year project I found myself surrounded by murderers, meth addicts, thieves, and other assorted villains. Something had clearly gone terribly wrong. And it finally got through to me that my problem was not Jägermeister or

MDMA or pizza or candy: my problem was women. All of my problems were because of fornicating with women. I was in jail because of adultery. In reading Gandhi's exhortations to celibacy, it seemed the obvious thing to do. For the rest of my seven-year project, I would add sex to the list of forbidden items.

The reading of St. Paul's letters immediately thereafter was an amazing dovetail. In fact, much of my budding affinity for Catholicism was due to my recognition of similar truths in Hinduism concerning control of the passions. While in jail, I spent countless hours practicing asana and pranayama, yogic posture and breathing. I was, however, spending even more time memorizing Thelemic texts and trying to make sense of everything going on in terms of my mission as a Thelemite.

Anna had failed to take my children, and contact was reestablished. The kidnaping charge was also dismissed for want of probable cause. Then came COVID. Upon my arrest in December, the State of South Carolina was trying to imprison me for 65 years; by March, the State was offering me probation. The case was all but over. I was finally given bond and released on April the First 2020.

XIV

The supernatural element of this story cannot be overemphasized. Though it seems like there is a lot of detail in this narrative, I am, in fact, providing only the most essential elements to make sense of things. My handwritten journal from the jail, a mere eight months, spans 800 pages. This does not count the thousands of pages of court transcripts, letters, Motions and Orders, reports, text messages, *et cetera*, that accrued over the two-and-a-half years I stood trial.

I discerned so many reasons for why God had allowed this to happen. I even made a list –

God has done this:
To make you a better father
To make you a worthy patriarch
To make you a worthy leader
To teach you of righteousness & wisdom
For you to believe as you once did

– and so on and so forth. But really, in this long list, it all comes down to two items:

To bring you back to the Catholic Church
To show you the One True God

I have become convinced that this was the entire reason for this ordeal. God, in His infinite mercy, allowed all of this to happen so that I would return to God and to the Church, so that ultimately I would save my entire family. The meaning of all the madness of the years since pulling Anna from the RCIA program can be reduced to this.

Upon my release from jail, Anna had disappeared with my children yet again. I was ordered to leave South Carolina, and so I returned home to Florida. Several days

later was a full moon. I traveled to Thornton Park, my home territory. This was the park where I had written so much of the book *from Sun & God's keep*, the park where Zagreus and Odysseus came to be part of my life, from which the lives of my sons were sprung, the park where I had taken Anna the day we first performed our ritual together. Without exaggeration, this park was the center of my life for many years, and so it was the most obvious place to be for the full moon.

When I drove up to the park, I ran right into my own minivan, which I had not seen since the Winter Solstice, and stopped dead in my tracks. I immediately called my lawyer to tell him that I thought Anna must be in Florida, because I am looking right at our van. I parked the car and got out to make sure it really was our van, and I began walking through the park. In the darkness, I saw a woman sitting on the park bench – and sure enough, it was Anna. I immediately left the park and called my lawyer.

I was being followed at the time, but I did not understand why. We all believed it to be yet another setup by Anna, but weeks later I came to discover that it was a task force investigating my father. They would ultimately arrest my father and then use Anna to jail me again on new, unrelated false charges.

In the meantime, I finally saw my sons again. It was the feast day of the demon-goddess, which I took as a sign. In hindsight, clearly that sign was that my wife was still possessed by this demon-goddess. But at the time, all I cared about was seeing my children.

As I said, this was the time of COVID. The world had gone mad and shut down. The Catholic Church, in an unprecedented break from both Tradition and reality, shut its doors. I watched Easter Mass on a livestream that year. That Saturday, my father was arrested. Two days later, the cops who had arrested my father contacted Anna to tell her that I was stalking her and used her to have my bond violated to

keep me from helping my father. Again I was ambushed by a fugitive task force. God was not even close to being finished with His lessons for me.

XV

Upon my arrest in December, I was 185 pounds of pure muscle. At the time of my second arrest in April, I was down to 175 pounds. In the Orange County Detention Center, I was placed in isolation for a month and starved to the point that I dropped to 155 pounds. It was thirty days of modern, civilized torture.

But this was not even close to the true torture. After all the failed attempts at taking my children from me in South Carolina, Anna finally succeeded in Florida. The judge, who could not possibly have cared less about what my sons and I were suffering, ordered that I have no contact with my children at all. The charge was aggravated stalking and harassment – because Anna had falsely claimed that I had contacted her through our kids' phones.

I spent thirty full days in the Orange County jail, a mere fifty feet from my father, whom I could not see, with whom I could not speak. While I wasted away from starvation, I read the Old Testament, the Bhagavad Gita, and the Upanishads. I considered it to be a luxurious suite, for I had a window for the first time. I would look out the window and sing Misty Mountains Cold to my baby boys every single day, promising them that I would win everything and bring them home. I practiced my yoga. I wrote grievances and letters that were all ultimately thrown in the trash by the guards.

It was in this period that I was counseled by many of the people closest to me to give up. Many of those who supported me in the South Carolina case were furious with me for what they read in the police reports, thinking that the false allegations were true. Several of them cut contact with me. Those who did not cut contact with me counseled me to enter pleas in both cases, cut deals, and get on with my life. I would never win either case at this rate or win custody of my sons. It was over.

But what killed me was not the impossibility of the odds. What killed me was being unable to speak to my sons. They were only one and three years old. After a month, would they even remember me? It was a miracle they had remembered me after the first stretch of jailtime, but at least I had talked with them over the phone. What would happen now that I had no contact with them at all?

For many years, I had been mentally prepared for jail. As a political activist, I had always counted on some corrupt agent or another charging me with something. But what I never prepared for was the possibility that my own wife would turn against me, or that it would ever even cross her mind to take my sons from me in furtherance of the plot. It certainly never crossed mine. This was the abyss for me.

At the end of thirty days, I was extradited for a second time to South Carolina. Yet again I was placed in isolation, though this time because I was coming from out-of-State and the world had gone mad with COVID hysteria. Everything had led to this stretch of isolation: the betrayal by my wife and best friend, the disappearance of my sons on the Winter Solstice, the realization that there is such a thing as evil in this world, reestablishment of contact with the mother of my daughter, the uncanny encounter with Anna on the full moon in Florida after her disappearance from South Carolina, seeing my kids for the first time on the feast day of the demon-goddess, my father's arrest, my rearrest, my reading of the entire Bible cover-to-cover: all of this was leading to a period of quarantine in a South Carolina jail in the Spring of 2020.

XVI

Of all things, I was not allowed paper in quarantine. I had written hundreds of pages in the previous five months, a constant stream of fear and hope, venom and fire. In quarantine, everything was taken from me. For the first time, I was forced to sit with my thoughts, without any way to organize them. No planning, no ranting, no writing letters. And this infuriating situation was God's mercy, as He drew me to Him, kicking and screaming.

Without a record of any kind, the two weeks are a blur of prayer, starvation, freezing cold, and reading. I finished the Bible. I read *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, several Protestant books on the Holy Spirit, and a Lutheran book on the spiritual disciplines, which the Chaplain allowed me to take home upon my release. I was also allowed to take home the Catholic Bible the Chaplain had procured for me.

I thought about my kids constantly, but especially the baby boys. It occurred to me in this stretch of isolation that when all this was over and I had full custody of them, I would need to put them in therapy. They had been severed not only from me but from their entire family. Their life had been completely upended. They would surely need help.

But of course the problem is that the field of counseling is so overrun with Cultural Marxists, feminists, and other lunatics that it may do more harm than good. As I was pondering the dangers of taking the boys to counseling, the thought occurred to me: What if the priest could counsel them? This thought was the catalyst that caused me to return to the Catholic Church.

Thinking of taking the boys to the priest for counseling brought me to consider the fact that this would mean reconciling with the Church myself. This meant that I would have to confess and take Communion. And why would I not? All of my old reasons for remaining at arm's length from the Church had evaporated.

So then I began to consider membership in the Body of Christ and what it might mean for the boys. I found zero negatives. In fact, the possibility of giving them a home and a community and a sense of belonging would have overridden any negatives I could have dreamed up anyway. I considered the fact of their infamous father, along with the fact of their out-of-control mother, and I asked myself, Do these boys really need any more disadvantages in life? The clear answer was No. I had wished hardship and difficulty on all my children, in a Nietzschean sense, but there is a difference between putting weight on the squat rack and breaking a boy's kneecaps. They are already fated to a life of adversity; there is no reason to compound it because I have problems with the Church & Christianity.

I truly believed that this was what was best for the boys. I thought daily of Cesare & Odysseus going to Sunday school, going to Mass, being baptized & confirmed. I thought of them going to Catholic school. I visualized this for the rest of my time in jail. I made a vow to God, the same vow that Hannah made: *If You give me my children, I will devote them to You for life.*[7]

Concomitantly, I was struggling with my own internal jihad about my political activity, about whether God was telling me to fight or to walk away from the fight. For how could I possibly maintain my historic levels of combat with the System while raising my sons as a single father? It dawned on me while in jail that I was no longer young, being on my final stretch to 40. I had nine kids to worry about, and Cesare & Odysseus would be a full-time job. How could I work 60 hours per week and raise them? How could I travel and give them a stable life? How could I go to War and give them peace? If War did not come to America, then I had been

[7] I Samuel 1:11: "And she made a vow, saying: O Lord, of hosts, if thou wilt look down on the affliction of thy servant, and wilt be mindful of me, and not forget thy handmaid, and wilt give to thy servant a man child: I will give him to the Lord all the days of his life."

wrong my entire life. If War did come to America and I took no part in it, then I had been wrong for years. But I had come to a point in the ordeal at which I cared more for the well-being of the kids than for the future of America – whatever that even means anymore. And with my wife having completely lost her mind, doing everything she could to destroy me, the family, and her own children, it was clear that I was going to have to raise Cesare & Odysseus on my own for the next 17 years. And so I took the decisive step of changing my religion from "Pagan" to "Catholic" at the jail, and I requested a Catholic Bible.

I wish I had a grand story about my love for Jesus Christ changing my heart in jail. I wish I had a story for you about how Jesus appeared to me in my cell in a flash of light and blinded me. I wish I could claim that it was my relationship with Jesus that had brought me to the Catholic faith. But in reality, it was a purely Machiavellian calculation about a better life for my family. Just as I had begun the RCIA program in Chicago after realizing that God was right about the flood, so I began the path to reconciliation with the Church in York after realizing that it would materially benefit my sons. There is no nobility or personal merit in the story of my conversion, only the grace of God.

This God would save even a Satanic, blood-drinking maniac from Hell, even despite his sociopolitical motives for coming to His Church. I am the son who, starving to death beside pigs, returned to his Father not out of love but for food and comfort and station and riches; and Our Father, in His infinite goodness, ran out to meet me even while I was still a long way off.

XVII

When I was placed in general population for my final stretch, I had my own cell upstairs: Charlie 6. My cell was between those of a white guy named Dirty and a black guy named Slim. My name was Orlando, as oftentimes inmates call one another by their place of origin. By the end I had become Orlando Magic, the name of our basketball team, which, as an occultist, I fully embraced. This final three months was still Hell without being able to speak to the boys, but it was as though I had been placed in a monastery. I had my own cell with a window and could see the trees. We were still on lockdown 17 hours a day, so I read incessantly and wrote another 400 pages, which was not to mention the letters, lawsuits, and trial materials. It was here that I finalized the master plan that would take me the next three years to execute.

The prosecutor in Orlando on the second set of false charges had done my lawyer's job and investigated the case for her. He dismissed the case, and my bond was finally reinstated in South Carolina on the 27th day of August 2020. I returned to Orlando to retrieve my belongings and immediately left for New Jersey to meet my daughter Astrid, who was about to turn one year old. I immediately filed to establish paternity and joint custody.

I also filed for divorce. I had filed for divorce in South Carolina in December 2019, but my filing was rejected. I tried again from jail, but again my petition was rejected. The third time I filed was in Florida. In addition to my Petition, I filed for the appointment of a Guardian Ad Litem, and I filed a Motion for Temporary Relief to get my sons back. The hearing was scheduled for November 2020.

Waiting for the hearings, I went to Confession for the first time since leaving the Church in 2012. I did not schedule it but simply walked in on a random day and unloaded on this poor priest. He took it graciously, and upon

absolution I saw a light and felt a physical release of blackness that I have not the power to describe. I began going to Mass every Sunday and taking Communion, which I have continued to this day. Since the Feast Day of St. Thomas More in 2022, I have been at Mass daily, with the notable exception of my incarceration in Charlottesville, Virginia.

Both court matters went sideways. In New Jersey, the mother turned on me all over again when she realized that I had no desire to leave my wife and marry her. I was able to establish paternity and joint custody in October, but from October 2020 to October 2024 I fought literally every single day to be able to see my daughter. In Florida, the judge dismissed the Petition on erroneous grounds, thereby delaying the appointment of the Guardian Ad Litem and contact with my sons by several months.

I noted earlier that many around me had counseled me to give up earlier that year when the second round of false charges had been filed against me in Florida. It was too much, they said. To face two different criminal cases in two different States, with no money and no light at the end of the tunnel – it was just too much. Take plea deals, take probation, get out of there, get your life in order, and get some semblance of normalcy back with your sons. That was the very well-meaning advice of everyone around me.

It was, I admit, a dark time, but it was absolutely not the lowest point of this saga. The moment I hit rock bottom was when the judge in Florida dismissed the divorce petition. For one, he was dead wrong, but it was faster to simply file a new petition than to appeal the dismissal. More importantly, it delayed my reunion with my sons for many months. It was in that moment that I finally hit a wall. To that point, I was always full-speed ahead, with absolute faith that this was going to happen, then that was going to happen, then I was going to file this, then I would achieve that outcome. But when this judge dismissed the petition, with

no notice of the grounds he was considering, on dead wrong reasoning, on the day I thought I would be getting my sons back, it knocked me down. For the first time, I felt true hopelessness.

I cursed God for this devastating defeat. After all, I had vowed to devote these three children to the Lord for life – so why would He not give them to me immediately? For the second year in a row, I did not see my sons for Christmas or even speak to them. I was absolutely devastated, a dead man walking that no one wanted to be around.

For the next six months, the Lord put me through a brutal program of purgation. It was made clear to me that going to Confession and Mass was simply not going to cut it. If I was to devote the children to the Lord for life in a sincere manner, then I would need to be devoted to the Lord myself. If I was to raise the children Catholic, I could not just jump through the hoops and check off all the boxes: I would need to become genuinely Catholic.

XVIII

As a Pagan, I honored the ancient Holy Days. On the Solstices and Equinoxes, I would lay out meat and eggs and milk for Jupiter at our massive oak tree, and I would walk the perimeter of the house, making runes of protection all around. Cesare, who was attached to my hip at all times, was always with me during these rituals.

And so, when I made these sacrifices alone at the Spring Equinox of 2021, it was partly in homage to the Most High God, but also, I am certain, a pale connection to my son, and to the life we used to have. This offering on the Spring Equinox would be the last of my blood sacrifices. Amazingly, it would be on the Summer Solstice, after abandoning the last of my Pagan practices, that my sons were returned to me.

After the devastation of November 2020, I dove head first into the Catholic Church, determined to do whatever it was that I needed to do in order to make good on my vow to God. When I was released from jail, I had called a Catholic lawyer friend of mine and I told him that I was going back to the Catholic Church, and he was supportive. He recommended, however, that I go to a Latin Mass. Having had an academic interest in the occult himself, he said, "Everything you've been searching for all these years in all those rituals, it's all in the Latin Mass. That's the answer you're looking for."

I first attended a weekday Mass on the Winter Solstice, exactly one year from the time the boys were taken from me. Even with my decades-long background in ritual and ceremony, it turned out that my high-school-level Latin was not sufficient for me to understand what was going on. I awkwardly stood up when the others stood up, and I kneeled down when they kneeled down, and I sat down when they sat down, not understanding a single word of what was being said or where we were in the Mass, which I assumed

was the same as the "normal" Catholic Mass but could not make heads or tails of. After half an hour of pretending to know what I was doing, I left.

I returned three days later with my teenagers for the midnight Christmas Mass. We have attended the Latin Mass ever since. My friend was absolutely right: it was everything I had been searching for my whole life. Only I did not know how right he was for at least another year. It took many months of trying to follow along blind before I bought my own Missal and then watched tutorials on how to use it. Then it took many more months of piecing together all of the elements of the Mass. I consider myself a rather intellectual person, and learning the Mass was an incredible challenge. To this day, even being an altar server, I cannot say I am an expert, and it is clear that devotion to the Mass of the Ages is a lifelong pursuit that can end only in death.

Being a convert, and an undeserving one at that, I have done my best to avoid the civil war in the Catholic Church concerning the Latin Mass. But in all honesty, it seems insane to me that there is any debate at all. Even without knowing the history of the Second Vatican Council, or the inside baseball concerning the change in the liturgy in the Church, the rotten fruits of the Novus Ordo are so plainly evident that one must be willfully blind to pretend that it is anything short of an apocalyptic disaster.

Being a convert, I did not grow up with the Mass, or the saints, or any of the vast treasury of the Catholic faith. It is, therefore, obvious to me that Catholics by-and-large take their faith, their heritage, their culture, their entire civilization for granted. It is a tragedy that a man would show up for Sunday Mass and leave, without any thought of the Church in between. It is, however, an inevitability that he should do so when you have replaced the Gregorian chant with old ladies' hymns, when you have replaced the high altar with a picnic table, when you have eschewed the sacrificial nature of the Mass in favor of a friendly meal,

when you are facing the audience smiling like a salesman rather than facing the Altar of God with trepidation – in short, when you seek to entertain a crowd rather than to please God.

The Mass celebrated by Tolkien and Mozart was the same Mass celebrated by Cortez and Columbus, St. Ignatius of Loyola and St. Josemaria Escriva. This liturgy created our entire civilization and conquered the world. With the advent of the Novus Ordo Mass, the Church has collapsed, and the world has gone to hell. And yet "conservatives" within the Church will blame anything but the obvious cause of the decline in Confession, the exodus of Catholics *en masse*, the disbelief in the Eucharist by those who remain and take Communion in the hand while standing as though they were receiving a cookie from the teacher for sitting still for an hour.

Being a convert, it baffles me that the vast majority of cradle Catholics are willing to throw out two thousand years of their own Tradition in favor of "reconciliation" with the very heretics who vilified the Church. It is beyond my power of comprehension to witness the very Catholics who oppose the Mass of the Ages promoting heretical Masses that celebrate gay pride; those who oppose kneeling to receive Communion clamoring for homosexual and female priests; those who oppose the use of Latin endorsing bilingual and even trilingual Masses as though they were worshiping at the shattered Tower of Babel.

None can know the inscrutable plans of the Almighty. Why He should allow Catholic Civilization to be shattered by Protestantism, Christendom uprooted by Freemasonic rebellion, the Church decimated by the Novus Ordo, I have no idea. Looking at the long view of history is enough to drive one to despair. On the other hand, the same trends were present in my ancestry, which changed from Catholic to Protestant to Freemason to occultist. And in a single year, the Lord destroyed my life, drew me out of the

deep waters, set me out in the open, and placed me and my children in the Catholic Church, to worship at the Mass of the Ages, just as our ancestors had done. I did nothing to deserve this grace of God, Who rescued me and my family for His own reasons and in accordance with His own plan, which remains beyond my power to discern.

XIX

Lent in 2021 began in February. Exiled from Orange County, Florida by a South Carolina court Order, I attended daily Mass at Queen of Peace Catholic Church in Ocala during Lent, with Latin Mass on Sundays and Stations of the Cross on Fridays. After one weekday Mass in March, a woman approached me to ask whether I would come to the meeting of the Dominicans that Saturday. She would tell me later that God told her to invite me.

Joining the Dominicans profoundly changed my life. To that point, I would attend Mass and otherwise twist in the wind, alone. The day of the meeting happened to be the Spring Equinox. As I said earlier, I performed my usual sacrifices at the oak tree that day – right after the meeting – but this was the end of it.

It was at this first meeting that I was introduced to the Liturgy of the Hours, the structured prayers based on the Psalms that Catholics say throughout the day. I would later come to recite the older Divine Office, but I have prayed these daily Psalms ever since that first meeting of the Dominicans.

Just after the meeting and the subsequent blood sacrifice on the Spring Equinox, the reading from the Liturgy of the Hours jumped off the page at me:

> The multitude of your sacrifices—
> what are they to me? says the LORD.
> I have more than enough of burnt offerings,
> of rams and the fat of fattened animals;
> I have no pleasure
> in the blood of bulls and lambs and goats.
> When you come to appear before me,
> who has asked this of you,
> this trampling of my courts?
> Stop bringing meaningless offerings!

Your incense is detestable to me.
New Moons, Sabbaths and convocations—
I cannot bear your worthless assemblies.
Your New Moon feasts and your appointed festivals
I hate with all my being.
They have become a burden to me;
I am weary of bearing them.
When you spread out your hands in prayer,
I hide my eyes from you;
even when you offer many prayers,
I am not listening.
Your hands are full of blood!
Wash and make yourselves clean.
Take your evil deeds out of my sight;
stop doing wrong.
Learn to do right; seek justice.
Defend the oppressed
Take up the cause of the fatherless;
plead the case of the widow.
Come now, let us settle the matter,"
says the LORD.
Though your sins are like scarlet,
they shall be as white as snow;
though they are red as crimson,
they shall be like wool.
If you are willing and obedient,
you will eat the good things of the land;
but if you resist and rebel,
you will be devoured by the sword.
For the mouth of the LORD has spoken.[8]

The woman who had recruited me, who knew my Pagan background, was struck by it, too. She texted me to say that

[8] Isaiah 1:11-20

this reading was for me. This marked the end of my Pagan sacrifices. After this, my dual loyalties to the Pagan ways and the Catholic Church could no longer co-exist.

It was also at this time that I began the practice of Adoration. Having been raised Protestant by a Freemason and a Jehovah's Witness, the idea of the real presence of the Christ in the Eucharist was absolutely non-existent in my universe; much less was the concept of kneeling before this presence in worship. Even having gone through the RCIA program a decade earlier, I had never seen or heard of the practice of Adoration.

Embarrassingly, when I began to visit the Adoration chapel, I would stop in for five minutes and leave, uncertain of what it was that I was supposed to be doing there, exactly. It took research on my own part to discover that we are to sit with Christ for an hour in reparation for the Apostles who fell asleep in the Garden of Gethsemane. Ever since this discovery, I have spent one hour in Adoration every week, unless something extraordinary has happened to prevent my attendance. In the beginning, I would recite a series of prayers that would consume the entire hour. This evolved to the point where I just sit in silence with the Lord for an hour, a practice that has become central to the right ordering of my famously hectic life.

In short, joining the Dominicans greatly accelerated my spiritual practices, such that Catholicism became not just Mass on Sundays or daily during Lent, but a total way of life. This has carried with me to this day. But it was an event outside the Dominicans at that same time that truly put me on my present path. At the Latin Mass one Sunday, the priest gave a homily on sainthood; not on the process of canonization, or even of saints of the past, but on our own sainthood. He declared to us that our mission in this life is to become saints. I had never heard anyone in any church say anything this outlandish. But it made a deep impression on

me, and it occurred to me that perhaps this was what God was calling me to do: not only must I be a practicing Catholic in order to raise the children in the Catholic Church, but I must become an actual saint if I am to be worthy of devoting these children to the Lord for life as I had vowed.

PART THREE

THE HOLY MOUNTAIN

XX

The Summer Solstice of 2021 happened to fall on Father's Day. After a year and a half of purest Hell, the Lord returned my sons to me on this very day. This was merely the opening salvo of a series of miraculous events occurring at dizzying speed. First, visitation was established, and I was able to bring my sons home. Then, just as suddenly, my court-ordered exile from Orlando was ended. It was in Orlando that I witnessed my first miraculous healing, but not my last.

One day I got a call that Cesare was sick and had to be picked up at daycare. I went to get him immediately, and I brought him home. I laid him down in bed and let him watch *King Arthur: Legend of the Sword*, so that he would fall asleep. But he did not fall asleep. Instead, he vomited all over the bed. I picked him up and put him in the shower. Suffering a fever, he was shaking, he could barely stand, and the water was excruciatingly painful for him. I had been raising children for twenty years and had never seen any of my kids as sick as Cesare was that day. I was legitimately scared. I got him dressed and took him downtown to St. James Cathedral. Presenting him to the Virgin Mary, I prayed that she would heal him, so that he would come to believe. She heard my prayer. I took him home, and his fever broke. He was healed within the hour, and it never returned. This incident made me believe more than him. Every time I come to doubt that God is listening, or that any of this is real, I remember that moment of desperation, and I remember Cesare's agony, and I remember it vanishing.

But as I said, this was not the only miracle I witnessed, or even the only miraculous healing. After that incident, I had the boys baptized. Anna, still possessed by a legion of evil spirits, fought me tooth and nail. She attempted to sabotage the Baptism, harangued the priest, insisted that she and the boys were Pagan, protested that she wanted to become Catholic and baptize the boys but I had pulled her

out of the RCIA program. It was a battle up until the last minute, but the priest, God bless him, decided that he was performing the Baptism.

In the course of that struggle, I had invited Anna to be present. As much as I hated her and wished she would be struck by lightning, I knew I could never tell my sons that I had not invited their mother to their Baptism. It was the most important day of their lives, and she needed to be there. But again, she protested, and she resisted.

At the time, I was reciting my first 54-day Rosary, an arduous practice in which the devotee prays for a miracle. The miracle I asked of Our Lady was total victory: victory in the criminal trial, victory in my custody wars, victory over all my enemies, victory in winning back my step-daughters, victory in all things. It is my emphatic experience that God's fulfillment of our prayers is carried out in the most impossible manner so that there is no question in our minds that it was His grace, and not our actions, that brought about the outcome, which cannot be mistaken for anything other than miraculous. This is especially true in this particular instance.

Despite pulling out all the stops to sabotage it, Anna accepted my invitation and showed up to the boys' Baptism. She converted to the Catholic faith on the spot. Like St. Paul, she converted in an instant, a fact that fills me with envy to think about, considering my conversion has taken almost thirty years to date and is nowhere near complete.

From that moment forward, her entire life changed. She abandoned every plot against me and cut off every enemy of mine with whom she had aligned herself. She left her life of sin and began attending Mass every Sunday – with me and the boys. She began a year-long process of throwing away everything that might be considered immodest or sinful, everything that reminded her of her old life, everything that would contradict the teachings of the

Catholic Church. She entered into Catechism with a priest and studied literally every day.

But that was not the most spectacular of the miracles. For there was a hidden miracle, one that I did not learn until after the Baptism. Days before the boys' Baptism, the Virgin Mary appeared to her. Anna claimed that Mary appeared to her at her home and gave her an ultimatum: Choose between your children and the life you have been living, because you are about to lose your children. Anna chose our children and abandoned her life.

Hearing this, I was beyond skeptical. On the one hand, it was and remains impossible to believe a word out of Anna's mouth. Not only did she lie about everything pathologically, but this specifically appeared to be a purely calculated self-interest: she was in fact about to lose the boys, because I had finally gained the upper hand in the custody war and was about to drop the hammer on her and set the matter for trial, the outcome of which was a foregone conclusion. From where I was standing, Anna claiming that the Virgin Mary had appeared to her was just a sly way to manipulate me into compromising with the newly Catholic mother of my sons. On the other hand, if there was any truth in it at all, it filled me with envy to think about, because no one has ever appeared to me; and of all the people in the world to whom the Virgin Mary would appear, it was the most diabolical person I knew. It was too much for me to process.

I maintained suspicion of Anna. Everything she did, I just knew it was hateful, underhanded manipulation of me and everyone at the Church. It was all an act, aimed at gaining an advantage and taking my sons away from me again. My old fears from her days in the RCIA resurfaced with a vengeance. Her advent to the Church brought chaos to the paradise I had found for myself and the boys. She befriended the priests and everyone else, insinuated herself into every relationship I had built, and became the talk of the

parish. It was maddening. She was manipulating everyone, and no one could see it but me. At least, this was the suspicion that daily plagued my mind.

I was right to be wary. While her conversion at the boys' Baptism may have been instantaneous, she was certainly not an overnight saint like St. Mary Magdalene. Her pursuit of holiness, while apparently sincere, has been a long, tortuous process – for me, most of all. Imagine having to sit at Mass next to the person who took your children and had you jailed, who destroyed your life and the lives of every single person in your family. Imagine having to help that person to become Catholic, to enter your own parish, and to take part in the very life you had made specifically to escape her and the chaos surrounding her.

Yet this was the cross I was to bear. Every time I wanted to expose her, every time I wanted to expel her, every time I wanted to run her off, I would remember that I had pulled her out of the RCIA program in South Carolina. I was her sponsor, and I pulled her out of the program. Were it not for that crime, she would have been Catholic all this time, and my sons would have been Catholic, and they would have been raised in the Catholic Church. The entire nightmare was my own fault, and it was my duty to see her through Catechism. She was my problem until she was baptized, no matter my hatred. I owed it to her, to our children, and to God.

XXI

After Easter Mass of 2022, I left immediately for South Carolina to stand trial. Under normal circumstances, a criminal case would typically be dismissed once it is discovered that there is video evidence that a crime never occurred. Under normal circumstances, if a prosecutor were to learn that the evidence was a lie, namely that the bruises claimed to be evidence of domestic violence were actually sustained during sexual intercourse, the case would typically be dismissed. Under normal circumstances, if the complaining witness does not appear at trial, the case would typically be dismissed.

But these were not normal circumstances. The prosecutor and the detective had already gone too far in their efforts to do the bidding of the Southern Poverty Law Center and the mainstream media. They had publicly accused me of controlling a Manson-style death cult full of brainwashed acolytes ready to murder judges and cops on my command. They had used information from the SPLC to have me arrested and to have my bond denied. The prosecutor specifically had lied to the court in every single hearing ever held. And I had stated publicly and repeatedly that I would have this prosecutor disbarred once this case was over. Their careers could not withstand the humiliation of defeat after all they had done.

And so it came to pass that I was put on trial. They offered me time served, no conviction, and an expungement, if only I would take the plea. It would be like nothing ever happened. Even the judge was angry that I would refuse to take the plea and waste everyone's time with a trial. Even my own lawyer was upset with me, because going to a jury is always a roll of the dice, and I had already won. But this had to be done. This was a battle of good and evil, and it would demonstrate a complete lack of faith on my part to fear corrupt agents of the government more than God.

They pulled out all the stops in this trial. The prosecutor knowingly put on false testimony. She put forth an illegal audio recording of my wife, taken surreptitiously by the person I believed to be my best friend, and tried to introduce it at the trial, in the face of a thousand years of Anglo-American law. She lied and said they had found a firearm and waved a picture of my father's handgun in front of the jury to imply that it was mine, an amazing breach of law and professional ethics I have never witnessed before. I have met several unethical prosecutors in my career as a lawyer, but this set the bar.

The jury left the courtroom to deliberate, and I went to my lawyer's office. He put me in the conference room, where I sat alone, praying to God for vindication. Finding a large Bible, I picked it up and opened it to find a most amazing passage:

> And the Lord said unto him, I have heard thy prayer and thy supplication, that thou hast made before me: I have hallowed this house, which thou hast built, to put my name there for ever; and mine eyes and mine heart shall be there perpetually.
>
> And if thou wilt walk before me, as David thy father walked, in integrity of heart, and in uprightness, to do according to all that I have commanded thee, and wilt keep my statutes and my judgments:
>
> Then I will establish the throne of my kingdom upon Israel for ever, as I promised to David thy father, saying, There shall not fail thee a man upon the throne of Israel.

> But if ye shall at all turn from following me, ye or your children, and will not keep my commandments and my statutes which I have set before you, but go and serve other gods, and worship them:
>
> Then will I cut off Israel out of the land which I have given them; and this house, which I have hallowed for my name, will I cast out of my sight; and Israel shall be a proverb and a byword among all people:
>
> And at this house, which is high, every one that passeth by it shall be astonished, and shall hiss; and they shall say, Why hath the Lord done thus unto this land, and to this house?
>
> And they shall answer, Because they forsook the Lord their God, who brought forth their fathers out of the land of Egypt, and have taken hold upon other gods, and have worshipped them, and served them: therefore hath the Lord brought upon them all this evil.[1]

Immediately thereafter, my lawyer called me to tell me that the jury was back with a verdict. It had been less than thirty minutes. Only Guilty verdicts come back that quickly; no jury ever comes back with a Not Guilty verdict that quickly. I texted my mother asking her to come to the lawyer's office to get my briefcase and my phone, which I left with the investigator. I walked back to the courtroom with dread, fully convinced that I was going to prison.

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[1] I Kings 9:3-9

But the jury, in whom I had no faith whatsoever, saw right through the prosecutor and her lies. They found me Not Guilty in less than thirty minutes. Upon the reading of the verdict, the passage from First Kings sang to me as a clarion call from the Lord God Almighty. It was not the justice of the courts or my own legal genius that had saved me but the turning away from sin and embrace of righteousness. With this was a warning: If you or your children ever turn from this path, you and your family will be utterly destroyed.

Emerging from the courtroom, I did what I believed to be the most Catholic thing, but also what Caesar would have done: I offered clemency to all my enemies. I declared that I would refrain from all action against the conspirators, whether governmental actors or private citizens, if they issued their letters of apology by May the First. Moreover, I would keep these letters a secret, so that they would suffer no personal humiliation.

I did, in fact, receive letters of apology. But amazingly, this offer of clemency was derided by many as a Machiavellian double-speak, a threat that I would crush everyone who did not bend the knee. Given my Pagan past and my emulation of Genghis Khan as aforementioned, they can be forgiven for believing this.

XXII

I was very happy not to go to prison, because I returned to Orlando just in time for my teenagers' Confirmation. They had been baptized when they were little, but after I pulled the whole family out of the Church, they never returned. As it was my duty to see Anna through to her Baptism, it was my duty to rectify my failures as a father to my elder children. They were confirmed by Bishop Noonan on the 24th of April.

Over the course of the next month, I retrieved all of my property from storage, and I began a purge of everything having to do with the occult. I tore through my entire library, a massive collection I had been building for a quarter century, destroying every occult book. I destroyed all of my occult implements: my ceremonial robes, my magickal weapons, my Tarot cards, everything you can imagine an occultist having. I destroyed the skull of the goat I sacrificed to the god of the wilderness, which blood sacrifice had gained me worldwide infamy. I destroyed all of my journals, including the manuscripts of *from Sun & God's keep*. It pained me to do this, on the one hand because it was my entire life, and on the other hand because I could have sold all of this for tens of thousands of dollars. But knowing the evil it had all caused, it was imperative that it all be destroyed.

I destroyed everything that could possibly bind me to my old life. At the same time, I performed all of the deliverance prayers for the laity. I started the process of removing my tattoos, but this is easier said than done. After a year of purgation, my Spiritual Director finally performed an exorcism rite, followed by the Rite of Acceptance into the Catholic Church.

In the meantime, Anna and I were finally divorced. She was then baptized on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, after more than a year of her own purgation.

Both of my marriages were annulled by the Church, and I came to be in good standing for the first time since becoming apostate. In a grand twist of fate, the annulment of my marriage with Anna came on Valentine's Day, three years to the day after she had destroyed our entire family on television. The boys began Catechism and in Catholic school. Cesare started Catholic school and became an altar server, and Odysseus would do the same the following year. I was finally able to take Astrid to Mass.

The horror of those several years of betrayal and loss, of war and incarceration, of desperation and confusion, led us all to a life previously unimaginable. Not that life is any easier now. Yet still there is an unmistakable knowledge of salvation, of the fact that there was an old life before I was saved and a new life thereafter. God only knows what evangelicals mean when they speak of being saved, but my own understanding is very concrete. For I was flying at warp speed straight to Hell, and it was only by the grace of God that my designs all crashed and burned, while I was, for whatever reason, pulled from the wreckage.

XXIII

The previous section was completed on the 25th of June 2023, a Sunday. I sent the manuscript to a literary agent. But apparently God wanted a different ending, for the very next day, I was arrested. As I write this, it is 31 July, my 40th birthday.

I was held without bond for three and a half weeks, awaiting extradition to Virginia. All told, the ordeal took thirty days. As in quarantine in South Carolina, I was unable to write and was forced to sit with my thoughts. In most respects, however, the experience was completely different.

For one, it was far easier to bear. Most importantly, I had my sons. I was also allowed in general population, so the starvation was not as acute. Neither was I targeted by the guards as I had been in 2020.

Second, I was fortunate to have a priest from my parish visit me at the jail. I was able to make Confession twice and take Communion. The entire Church came together to help me, Anna, and the boys, for which we could not be more grateful.

Third, it was Anna, of all people, who helped me the entire time I was in jail. She took care of the boys, took them to Mass and to Muay Thai, helped with my accounts, wrangled all the affidavits for my bond hearing, dealt with lawyers. I talked with her three times a day and talked with the boys every night, sometimes twice a day. Ironically, I might still be in jail if it were not for Anna.

It was made clear to me that I had also become a different person. As described above, my previous time in jail was a time of pure hatred, of abject fear, of desperation and abandonment. I sought to make deals with any god or demon who would set me free and return my sons to me, only to be met with worse torture. This time around, the struggle was with the question, "*Why would God allow this to happen?*" Having devoted my entire life to God, and

having made good on my vow to devote my children to Him for life, I felt betrayed, in no small sense. I was set to lose my house, my law firm, and the entire life that I had built for my children, all for a false charge brought by politically-motivated prosecutors for being present at a rally six years past.

I struggled with this until one morning I was reading The Book of Wisdom:

> But the souls of the righteous are in the hand of God,
> and no torment will ever touch them.
> In the eyes of the foolish they seemed to have died,
> and their departure was thought to be a disaster
> and their going from us to be their destruction,
> but they are at peace.
> For though in the sight of others they were punished,
> their hope is full of immortality.
> Having been disciplined a little, they will receive great good,
> because God tested them and found them worthy of himself;
> like gold in the furnace he tried them,
> and like a sacrificial burnt offering he accepted them.
> In the time of their visitation they will shine forth
> and will run like sparks through the stubble.
> They will govern nations and rule over peoples,
> and the Lord will reign over them forever.
> Those who trust in him will understand truth,
> and the faithful will abide with him in love,
> because grace and mercy are upon his holy ones,
> and he watches over his elect.
> But the ungodly will be punished as their reasoning deserves,
> those who disregarded the righteous
> and rebelled against the Lord,
> for those who despise wisdom and instruction are miserable.
> Their hope is vain, their labors are unprofitable,
> and their works are useless.
> Their wives are foolish and their children evil;
> their offspring are accursed.

The footnote to this reads: “The author affirms that, for the righteous, sufferings are not punishments but purification and opportunities to show fidelity, whereas for

the wicked suffering is truly a punishment." The lesson finally clicked, and the struggle over the question was ended. My time in South Carolina was indeed punishment: not for the charges brought against me, but for having a child out of wedlock, and for all the other crimes I had committed to that point. I was emphatically one of the wicked, and my suffering was just punishment. This time around, I was genuinely innocent, and my suffering was purification and an opportunity to show my faith in God. At that point, I simply prayed to be released so that I could go home to my children and fix all my clients' cases.

It occurred to me while sitting in jail that I never did explain the significance of the Wedding Day in 2019. It was on that day that my crimes against God finally reached their climax and cried out to Heaven for retribution. My entire life had been a series of blasphemies: vandalizing churches as a youth; writing essays, poems, speeches, and entire books attacking God; worshiping demons and making blood sacrifices; the list goes on and on. But in the lead-up to the Wedding Day, I had become more and more obsessed with the notion of becoming superhuman, and my efforts in Yoga and Enochian Magick were geared toward this end. It was on the Wedding Day that I made the selfsame claim as Lucifer, claiming, essentially, that the Throne was mine. All my other crimes and blasphemies notwithstanding, I can pinpoint this moment as the cause of my downfall.

And yet God, in His infinite mercy, cast me down only to save me and my entire family. It was only long after being released from jail in 2020 that I realized the myriad false promises of my occult workings. I had been promised power, and I was jailed under insane circumstances with no way out, my children missing, our lives destroyed. This was absolutely not what I signed up for. My ascetic discipline was legend, and yet all my spiritual striving amounted to nothing, because I was at war with God. It was through the

torture of those years that I was brought to the Catholic Church, and my family with me.

XXIV

It is now New Year's Day 2025. It has taken a year and a half to complete this testament, because I had in mind to chronicle all that has happened since the last section was written. I thought to write about how the Orlando Diocese blacklisted my children from attendance at any Diocesan school and tried to have me trespassed from a certain Church; about how I was ambushed by police in an Adoration Chapel in South Carolina after the Church had called the police to trespass me; about how horror after horror was revealed about Anna, who had not changed at all; about the sins of my father and their effects on the entire family; about the guilty verdict in Charlottesville on a non-existent crime and how it cost me my daughter; about the abyss of pure evil that continues to plague me and my family.

I have waited for some sort of end point, some sort of plateau, in order to finish this testament. But I have come to understand that there is no such plateau. The spiritual life is ever-deepening, and the key to it – suffering – ends only in death. Suffice it to say, then, that my conversion truly began when I was jailed and my sons were taken from me, and it has been a long, hard road out of Hell ever since.

Lest anyone come to believe that this testament is an attempt to claim sainthood, I remind the Reader that I am still in the process of conversion. I still struggle daily against the inner, Pagan imperative to destroy, subjugate, or impregnate all in my path. I publish this not as a public relations piece but as a task assigned to me by God.

If there is one thing I hope you will take from this testament, it is that the God of the Catholic Church is the One True God.

If there is a second thing I hope you will take from this testament, it is to stay as far away from Magick as possible. Shun it at all costs, and embrace the true religion.

If there is a third thing I hope you will take from this testament, it is not to commit adultery, or to associate with anyone who would.

For my own part, one of the greatest revelations concerns the nature of the Great War for which I have waited all my life. A decade ago, I was laughed at for saying that a Civil War was coming to America. No one is laughing anymore. My prophecy has become a talking point for pundits across the political spectrum.

Still, in bearing the cross these past few years, I have come to understand that the true War is not between Republicans and Democrats, or between nationalists and globalists, or between Catholics and Jews. The true War is between Good and Evil, and all wars are but manifestations of that cosmic struggle.

We fight Democrats not because we differ on policy issues, but because they have committed a genocide of biblical proportions in an unprecedented, fifty-year slaughter of the unborn, and have accelerated this madness to mutilating the genitals of the children who survive. We fight globalists not because we hate Mexicans or Indians but because globalism utterly annihilates races, cultures, languages, customs, traditions, and religions in the unabashed worship of Mammon. We fight the Jews not because we envy their control of our own government but because they deny the Christ and promote the total destruction of God's Natural Order. Understanding the War between Good and Evil is knowing the difference between the disease and its symptoms.

As I said, I have decided to pass over the events from my arrest to the present day because I have realized that there is no future plateau from which I will be able to write a clear, all-encompassing narrative. I have decided to publish this testament on New Year's Day because there is a genuine question as to whether I will be imprisoned next week on the

false charges in Charlottesville, and this needed to be said before I go away.

I know now the weight felt by martyrs and confessors. Though I face not death but a mere five years in prison and expulsion from the legal profession, I see the same darkness in the unknown and am forced to the same trust in God as those before me.

It also occurs to me only now that the martyrs and confessors were never persecuted outright for worshiping the Christ: the enemies of God are never that forthright. St. Thomas Becket was falsely accused of embezzlement; St. Thomas More of treason for refusing to attend the coronation of Anne Boleyn. St. Joan of Arc was accused of witchcraft, and St. Stephen of blasphemy. The persecutors will undergo all manner of sophistic gymnastics in order to justify what they do. But at the black heart of it all is the hatred of God and His Natural Order. In tandem with this, at the core of all efforts to destroy the white race is the two-thousand-year war to destroy the Catholic Church and the Civilization it created.

This is why I now face prison for "Burning an Object with the Intent to Intimidate," which is in line with the legal nonsense the court of Henry VIII used against St. Thomas More. The true crime of the latter was protesting the King's rebellion against the Catholic Church; the true crime of mine was protesting the destruction of America and of Western Civilization by the enemies of God. Whatever happens to me next week, it is the Will of God.

The Lord liveth, and blessed be my God, and let the God of my salvation be exalted: O God, who avenges me, and subdues the people under me, my deliverer from my enemies. And thou wilt lift me up above them that rise up against me: from the unjust man thou wilt deliver me.

Therefore will I give glory to thee, O Lord, among the nations, and I will sing a psalm to thy name.[2]

In the Name of the Father,
And of the Son,
And of the Holy Ghost,
Amen.

[2] Psalm 17:47-50 (old numbering, Douay Rheims Bible)

“And immediately his mouth was opened, and his tongue loosed, and he spoke, blessing God.
And fear came upon all their neighbours[.]”

- *Luke 1:64-65*